Medicine

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Medicine

by darlingcarmilla

Summary

What would have happened if Hannibal had only taken advantage of how touch starved Will was in Apéritif and just touched him in that motel room.

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"How do you feel, Will?" Hannibal asked in that low voice of his.
Will felt the words at his gut, penetrating him. He was vulnerable now, in Hannibal's hands. His neck still craned awkwardly to meet Hannibal. He resisted the urge to close his eyes again, "How do you feel?" he countered softly, a challenge rising in his voice, looking up through his lashes, "Holding the mongoose?"
"Gratified." Hannibal responded without hesitation.
"Gratified?" Will repeated against Hannibal's palms, his vision blurring as he focused on the fingertips in his field of vision, still testing, his tone faintly cutting, "I don't scare you, do I?"
"Should I be scared?" Hannibal asked, without any indication of fear. His hands as steady as ever. Will wanted them to hold his weight forever.
"I don't make you uncomfortable?" Will pressed dubiously.
"Should I be uncomfortable?" Hannibal asked, with a hint of humour in his voice.

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Will Graham woke with a start to the sound of knocking. He felt dazed and disoriented, and his head ached faintly, the way he always felt waking up these days. He'd dreamt of darkness, of a feathered stag in a forest, perhaps he was being hunted, watched... or perhaps he was the hunter. His heart raced with an urgency he couldn't fully grip. He wrestled with his own mind and the reality that it presented him, trying to grasp at details that might be important. The dogs usually grounded him. But here in the dark he could be anywhere, blankets and pillows... the smell of his own sweat. That was familiar. The scent of the pillow against his nose was harshly soapy and unpleasantly foreign. He was at the motel...

Will stumbled through the dark, the dead girls... Elise Nichols. Cassie Boyle. The shrike. The copycat. Jack Crawford... he got to the door of his room and opened the the it, the sharp light filtering into his vision. The man before him was a stranger. The psychologist he'd met yesterday.

"Where's Crawford?" Will asked, feeling a lurch of discomfort in his stomach at the unexpected visitor, the lack of familiarity. He avoided eye contact, trying to piece together the reality of his situation, trying to gauge the intentions of the man before him. The stag still lurked in his mind as he tried to ground himself in the present. The feeling of the wooden floor on his bare feet. The scent of the cologne the doctor wore. The same as yesterday.

"Deposed in court. The adventure will be yours and mine today." The doctor smiled at him with a poised calm, looking briefly at the darkness of the room behind him, "May I come in?" Will considered for a moment, eyeing the doctor with some suspicion before allowing him in. Hannibal followed him with a patient yet easy confidence. It was both reassuring and unnerving.

"I'm very careful about what I put into my body," the doctor told him, by the dim light of a gap between the motel curtains, "which means I end up preparing most meals myself." Hannibal produced a bowl with a plastic lid that he removed smoothly, handing it to Will. "A little protein scramble to start the day." he explained.

It was still warm. Will could see small lines of steam rising softly in the darkness. It felt strange, to be cared for in this way. Nobody had cooked him a meal in years, it almost made him ache a little. To be cared for even in this small way. He didn't trust the feeling. "Some eggs. Some sausage." Hannibal told him. Will tasted a forkful of of the sausage inelegantly, still feeling a little hazy to be sitting across from this man in his own hotel room, still not dressed. It was good, it was much better than he'd expected. Not that he'd known what to expect.

"Mm, it is delicious. Thank you." he let the genuineness of his gratitude seep into his words, still feeling cautious.
"My pleasure." there was little emotion in the words, Will thought, as he took them in and tried to make sense of them. What kind of pleasure? The stag still lurked at the back of his skull... a distinct fear he knew was irrational, haunting him. He didn't know where the danger was coming from exactly. His head ached. The eggs and sausage and the coffee Hannibal had poured him were comfortingly warm in his mouth and his stomach. Protein was what he

needed. He wasn't used to his needs being met so warmly either. His caution and comfort pushed and pulled against each other as they spoke.

They spoke a little of the case, as they ate and drank the coffee. Then Hannibal asked, "You ever have any problems Will?"
Will gestured to himself and grinned sardonically, thinking of the stag that lingered in the back of his mind and the fear the accompanied it, trying to ignore it, "No."
"Of course you don't." Hannibal said, leaning forward as Will took another sip of coffee, "You and I are just alike... problem-free. Nothing about us to feel horrible about."

Will took another bite of the protein scramble, trying not to give any indication of a response to that. Trying not to consider the words as they applied to him... the things that he might feel horrible about. The things that he had seen yesterday, and the day before... the way it would have felt to strangle Elise Nichols...

"You know, Will... I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little teacup."
Will looked up at that, still chewing.
"The finest china used for only special guests."
That made him laugh as he leaned back in his chair. He hadn't expected that. Will Graham, the finest china... the man who lived in sweat and dog hair and spoke about serial killers in bland lecture halls for a living. Hannibal laughed with him, and for a moment he felt that discomfort rising... the distrust of any kind of connection.
"How do you see me?" he asked, looking now at Hannibal with a hint of the smile still remaining.

Hannibal looked at him directly, with an unwavering gaze that made him feel unbalanced, "The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by."
Will considered that, leaning back in his chair. He was unable to hold the smile in place and his mouth twitched. He felt his chest aching again, his mind spinning wildly. A protector then? A predator? Both?

Hannibal watched him curiously, no pity or discomfort. There was such self assuredness in Hannibal's posture. Unwavering ease. It was unnerving.
Will let out a shaky breath as quietly as he could, but it felt loud in the silence.
Hannibal leaned forward slowly, still calm, and raised a hand to cup the right side of Will's face across the table. Will closed his eyes and leaned into the touch unthinkingly. It was warm and soft and sure. He felt embarrassed by his reaction but he couldn't bring himself to pull away. He breathed slowly against Hannibal's pulse. Steady, calm, surrounding him. Everything else felt distant.

Hannibal raised his other hand to cup the left side of his face. Will almost flinched at the touch, but it was pleasant too, warm and as sure as the other. He continued his slow, steady breathing. He felt the pressure shift as Hannibal stood. He could hear and feel it, and he opened his eyes hazily. Hannibal was looking at him, watching in earnest. Curious still. No discomfort, no pity. Just watching. Hannibal kept his hands on Will's face as he walked around the table and stood above him. Holding him gently. Will's body was still facing the

table, with his chair, but his face was still between Hannibal's hands, craned upwards towards him.

Their eyes were locked as they breathed in tandem, slow, steady breaths. In the darkness Will felt that he existed alone with Hannibal now. Nothing between them; the air, the chairs, the fabric... it was all empty matter, meaningless and useless. The world was nothing but a vessel for their convergence.

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Will found his footing then and stood abruptly, the chair behind him grating loudly against the wooden panels, still feeling the warmth of Hannibal's hands moving with him, never leaving his face. He felt his heart quicken, in the silence following the chair's grating. Now they were closer than before, the scent of Hannibal's cologne stronger. Their eyes so close. The silence echoed in his mind, he felt unsteady on his feet. But he held himself upright dizzily. Fighting the urge to fall into Hannibal. Trying not to fully let his weight rest in Hannibal's hands.

Will focused on Hannibal's nose, the slope of it... his lips, the faint stubble around them. He didn't know what he would see if he met Hannibal's eyes now.
He could feel Hannibal's hands steady but not controlling. Not tight or possessive. Firm and stable. Strong. He could feel Hannibal's breath on his nose and his left cheek. Faintly smelling of sausage and parsley. Warm and hot.

"I'm not uncomfortable Will." Hannibal said softly in the silence between them, the words falling across Will's face fluidly, "Are you?"
"Yes." Will admitted quietly, feeling his body grow warmer, heat pricking at his groin. He knew he would regret his words but he said them anyway, "I'm not quite used to being comfortable with things I like."
At that Hannibal used gentle pressure to tilt Will's chin upwards, so that their eyes met. Will allowed it.

Hannibal's eyes were focused, intent.
"I can work on that."
Will let out a small huff, a smile tugging at the side of his mouth, "I'm sure." he responded derisively.
Hannibal let his hands slide a little lower down to Will's neck. Letting his left thumb rub

softly across Will's bottom lip, studying it. Will let in a sharp breath at the sensation, letting his tongue run along his bottom lip softly. Hannibal watched with keen interest.

"So you like this?" Hannibal's voice was low and affecting, but his tone was that of a doctor asking a patient questions.
Will scowled and then leaned down a little to suck Hannibal's thumb that had just brushed his lip. He eased his mouth along it wetly, pulling back against the press of Hannibal's hands at his neck until the thumb was out of his mouth, exposed to the air again. He looked up at Hannibal defiantly, "Do you?"
"Yes." Hannibal responded readily, his voice a little gravellier than it had been before. Will enjoyed that.

He took a step forward, closing most of the distance between them, Hannibal's hands moved with him. Still encircling Will's neck, his wet thumb resting softly at Will's jaw. Will tilted his head back a little and arched up against Hannibal, smiling when he felt the stirrings of Hannibal's cock hardening against his leg. He felt pressure at his groin too, he wondered how noticeable it was. He wrapped his own hands around Hannibal's neck. Not cradling, firm and steady as Hannibal cradled his, but possessively, tightly. He dug in his thumbs into the sides of Hannibal's neck, inhibiting his esophagus a little, experimentally.

He felt Hannibal's chest expanding and compressing against him, struggling a little for air. He remained pressed against Will, steadily. Not wavering in his composure. Will pressed harder, feeling the shaky rasps vibrating against his own chest, and the pressure of Hannibal's cock rising against his leg. He released the pressure gently until his hands were merely resting at either side of Hannibal's neck. Listening to Hannibal's shaky breaths, feeling them push against his chest desperately.
"Did you like that, Doctor?" He asked contemptuously.

"I think you know the answer to that question." Hannibal rasped between breaths with as much poise as he could muster. Still holding his body rigidly despite the unsteady breaths he took, despite his growing erection and despite Will's body pressed against his.
Will moved his hands to the back of Hannibal's neck, and let his head rest in the crook of Hannibal's shoulder, letting his weight fall on Hannibal completely, his nose and mouth pressed against the parts of Hannibal that his thumbs had been pressed into moments earlier. Hannibal's hands were still cradling his own neck, Hannibal's arms now folding against himself. Will could see a faint redness lingering at Hannibal's neck even in the shadows. It pleased him, and he closed his eyes contentedly. "I'd like to hear it from you." he whispered into Hannibal's neck, easing out his vowels seductively.

"It pleases me to hear you admitting to your likes more comfortably, Will." He rasped, some evenness returning to his voice.
"So indulge me." Will said acridly into Hannibal's neck, his voice rising a little in volume.
Hannibal was silent for a few seconds, his breathing slowly becoming less unstable. Then he took a breath and spoke calmly, choosing his words carefully. Will could feel the effort he took to speak evenly, "Your hands at my throat," his voice became a little strained on that word, "claiming the air I breathe... it was intoxicating." he paused a moment, shaping each word carefully in his mouth, "You are so beautiful like this Will, taking. I want to give you more."

"What would you give me, Doctor?" Will murmured into his shoulder.
"Pleasure." Hannibal answered sincerely.
Will huffed against Hannibal's shoulder, and turned his head a little to speak more clearly, "Your prescription?"
"In a manner of speaking." Hannibal agreed, "Will you take your medicine?"
Will felt his weight against Hannibal and shifted slightly to rely on his own feet again, feeling a little dizzy. He opened his eyes lifted his head from Hannibal's shoulder. They were still pressed against each other, chest to chest. Hannibal's hands were still on his neck, and his were still wrapped around Hannibal's. He could still feel Hannibal's growing erection at his leg, near his own. Despite this he felt the loss at their point of contact, looking up at Hannibal, in the shadowy room.

"How will you administer it?" Will asked, feeling the slow of Hannibal's breaths matching his own. Becoming even again. He could see a few wisps of Hannibal's hair in his eyes now, no longer slicked back immaculately. It pleased him.
"May I show you?" Hannibal asked with such detached composure it shocked Will as they stood pressed against once another.
"You're the doctor." Will said with reluctant acceptance. He untangled his arms from Hannibal's neck and took a step back. Feeling frustrated and cautious, but intrigued.
Hannibal gave him a faint smile and took his hands from Will's neck, placing them on his shoulders and leading him towards the motel bed. Towards a spot where the mattress was exposed from the blankets, and faced Will, pressing him against the side of the bed and pushing his shoulders down gently but firmly so that he was sitting upright.

Then, standing before him, he smoothly removed his unbuttoned suit jacket, placing it neatly on the bed, and knelt before Will, placing his hands on each of Will's bare knees and spreading them so that he could move closer.
Then he moved his right hand slowly up Will's thigh and looked up at him. Will sat in his boxers and t-shirt leaning back on his arms, curls framing his face in the dim light. He was achingly hard now.
"Will you take your medicine?" Hannibal asked softly.
Will swallowed, his adam's apple bobbing as he did, and then nodded, unable to bring himself to speak. He was so far gone past the conflict of caution and comfort now.

Hannibal took the assent easily as he did everything else. Sure of himself. In this hazy state Will gave himself up entirely to the surety that Hannibal offered him. Breathing slowly and barely moving. He felt his mind flooding with heat and desire, unsure of how to move or act. It struck him suddenly that there was a man between his legs, hands on his thighs now. He was sitting on a motel bed he'd never seen before today, and probably wouldn't again after this day. A single moment in the span of his life leading to a doctor between his legs, freely offering something he had not considered for a long time.

An experience, a pleasure given... openly and suddenly. No judgement or shame. He focused on a patch of the curtain behind Hannibal blearily, leaning back a little. He saw small particles of dust floating in the dim light as he felt the warm, firm touch of Hannibal's hands pulling his cock free from the elastic band of his boxers. Then the hot wetness of Hannibal's mouth enveloping his cock slowly. Will's head felt heavy, filled with electricity pounding

through his body. Heat blossoming through his chest, his head, his groin, his cock... almost numb to the cold air of the motel around them.

The pressure of Hannibal's right hand at the base of Will's cock was followed by the heat of Hannibal's tongue easing itself over the delicate flesh methodically. Will found himself overwhelmed by the attention, his body jerking as he let out a soft huff he couldn't stifle. In his struggle for balance he reached forward and gripped Hannibal's shoulders. Digging his nails into them, pulling the cotton covering them taut. Hannibal gave no indication of discomfort at this, continuing with steady licks along Will's cock, focusing on the flesh nearest to the head but never quite reaching the tip.

Will found himself breathing unsteadily, the light from the motel curtain seemingly occupying a possibility infinite space... blurring elusively into the darkness that surrounded them. He felt Hannibal 's left hand reach up to palm at his balls through his boxers. The warmth and the extra contact made Will arch into the pressure a little, pushing his cock further over Hannibal's tongue, into Hannibal's mouth. He wanted more.

Hannibal took it as such and took a breath before taking the entire length of Will's cock into his mouth, sucking labouriously. Taking his time to savour the taste, the sensation as he sucked, easing his head up and back again, still grasping at Will's balls lightly, in rhythm with his sucking. Will sunk his weight into Hannibal's shoulders through his hands, still digging into the skin tightly. He could feel the thick cotton between his fingertips. He felt sweat beading at his forehead, and across his nose. He could smell that cologne Hannibal wore, the faint smell of the shampoo Hannibal used and the heady smell of their sweat and arousal... his scent tinged with another. The familiarity shifting against his nostrils. The scent of the man before him; tasting him, melding with him. He closed his eyes into the sensation.

The heat and the rhythm of Hannibal's sucking began to feel familiar, intertwined with Will. A natural extension of himself as he rocked against Hannibal's mouth in small movements that matched the pace of Hannibal's lips. Back and forth, over and over... Will felt as if his head was aflame... flicking and licking at the sides of his skull, burning hotly. He rocked into the sensations engulfing him. Losing himself to the headiness of the touch, the attention. Desperate to exist in this moment, to let it fill him entirely. Burning through any distractions.

He felt Hannibal begin to suck him deeper, the head of his cock hitting the back of Hannibal's throat. He let out a moan, through it he could hear Hannibal breathing through his nose, faintly, beyond the pouding in his head. He felt the wet heat envelop him maddeningly, and he thrusted into it, bracing himself against Hannibal's shoulders. He wanted to exist only in heat and touch, even as it burned him. Flames licking at his fingers, his head, his shoulders, his thighs, his cock. Lost in sensation, he unselfconsiously he let himself moan and pant as his rocked against Hannibal's throat, uninhibited by thought or fear or shame.

Hannibal continued sucking as steadily as he could, giving freely, rocking lightly against Will. Letting the taste flood his senses. The wet sound of the cock sliding against Hannibal's throat joined by Will's moans and pants were intoxicating. He felt his own cock aching and luxuriated in the pain against pleasure. His own denial. He reveled in the delicious sounds he pulled out of Will, drinking in each syllable...

Each giving themselves up fully to the sensation, the fire between them hot and fluid and hungry and raw. Connected viscerally, flesh against flesh. Wanting and needing and taking and giving... over and over... Through the haze and heat that sparked behind his eyes and at his cock, Will lost himself to his own neediness, his desire. He pushed harder and harder, thrusting and gripping through it all, until finally he jerked and shuddered with a sharp yell. Emptying himself into Hannibal's mouth.

Hannibal sucked and swallowed, lapping up every last drop through Will's sensitivity, until finally, still shaking, Will collapsed and Hannibal released his cock, letting it hang limply over his boxers, and resting each of his hands on each of Will's thighs gently. Will rested his head on Hannibal's shoulder, loosening his grip on Hannibal's shirt, panting heavily in his ear, and Hannibal stayed with him like that. As sure and sturdy as ever, taking his own breaths of air, trying to breath evenly and waiting patiently. As if they had all of the time in the world.

Will felt spent and worn out. A little dazed but comforted, held and touched. He never wanted to lose a point of contact with Hannibal again. He felt he could almost stay like this forever, but he knew that was irrational. He could feel the cool air of the motel slowly finding its way back into his skin against the fading heat, as his breathing slowly returned to its usual pace. Hannibal's breathing was evening along with him. He felt their connection... physically, their breaths and bodies in sync with one another. Expanding and contracting as one. Will felt that at any moment they might fall out of sync and the feeling would be lost forever. He remained carefully in place, matching his breaths with Hannibal. He savoured the feeling in desperate silence.

"You are extraordinarily beautiful." Hannibal spoke first, breaking their silence but remaining in position, still kneeling between Will's legs. His hands still rested on each of Will's thighs, his shoulders steadily holding the weight of Will's hands and head.
Will huffed softly into his shoulder.
"Do you disagree?" Hannibal asked curiously.
Will grunted softly against Hannibal's shoulder, feeling the press of his own hands against Hannibal's cotton shirt, his back, the flesh beneath it. He felt too tired to explain himself. His mind felt empty and he wanted to stay in the delirious and soft emptiness this connection allowed him.

"It seems I have worn you out quite thoroughly." Hannibal said, with a hint of amusement in his voice. Will snorted against him, too tired to argue. Fighting the desperate fear welling in his gut, the fear that Hannibal would soon get up, step away and leave him. Detached. Leaving him alone as thoughts crept back into his mind slowly, overwhelming his reality.
Will breathed slowly feeling Hannibal's chest move against his cheek. Leaning into it.
"I'm glad that I have administered the medicine successfully." Hannibal said, drawing himself up a little as if to stand. Will's weight remained on him heavily.

"Please don't leave." Will whispered without thinking. He knew he sounded desperate, but at this moment he couldn't bring himself to care.
Hannibal removed his right hand from Will's thigh and raised it to stroke Will's hair gently. He smoothed back strands that were stuck to his face with sweat before bringing his other hand to cup Will's cheeks, maneuvering Will's face gently to kiss his brow.
"Against your wishes I would not dream of it." He responded as evenly as ever. It was

soothingly sure of itself, something Will never felt. He latched onto it hopelessly. "But perhaps you should lie down for a little now."

Will nodded into Hannibal's hands, trusting him. He felt Hannibal's hands leave his face and opened his eyes to the dim light of the motel room, hating the loss as Hannibal pushed himself off the floor groaning softly. The air felt colder now without Hannibal surouding him. Hannibal sensed his discomfort.
"Just a moment." Hannibal said calmly.
Will nodded dumbly, sitting on the bed feeling the ache of the muscles he had been working. He noticed the sensation of the cold air on his limp cock outside of his boxers. He gingerly returned it underneath the elastic, adjusting to the light and the reality of the room he had forgotten in the heat of the pleasure Hannibal had administered.

Hannibal stretched for a moment, and then retrieved his jacket from the motel bed and placed it over the back of the chair he'd been sitting in. Then he walked back to Will.
"Stand please." It was a command, but not an unkind one.
Will obeyed numbly and watched as Hannibal rearranged the pillows of the motel bed and smoothed out the blankets evenly before drawing them back.
"Lie down."
Will followed the instruction easily, allowing Hannibal's hand at the small of him back guide him down into the bed.

Hannibal removed the hand and stood by Will's bedside, "Where would you like me?" he asked earnestly.
"With me." Will said, his voice rough and hazy, "Touching me."
Hannibal nodded, "Allow me another moment." He knelt down to untie his dress shoes and placed them neatly by the door before walking back towards the motel bed and slipping under the covers with Will. Will nestled into his chest and Hannibal snaked his left arm slowly under Will's neck, and wrapped his right over Will's back. Will wrapped his legs around Hannibal's and felt the press of his erection against his stomach.

Will arched into it and reached his left hand down slowly towards Hannibal's groin.
"Another time." Hannibal said softly, "You need to rest."
Will let his hand slowly press against Hannibal's cock, challenging hazily.
"Doctor's orders," Hannibal said firmly, "You're tired."
He was, Will realised, and brought his hand back to rest against Hannibal's chest. Hannibal shifted his right hand so that he hand could cradle the back of Will's head, pulling him tighter, securely.

Will melted into the touch, the warm and firm arms surrounding him. Protecting him. Taking in the scent at Hannibal's chest through the cotton of his shirt. Will felt lost in the comfort. It felt almost unreal, to be held and touched. To be indulged. He took it in greedily, sinking into the luxury. Feeling that it couldn't last, nor could it end well. He would cling to every last drop of indulgence Hannibal offered him.

They breathed against each other, bodies expanding and contracting. Will focused on the sensation, the heat of Hannibal's breath in his hair.
"I could hold you like this forever." Hannibal whispered, the sound surrounding Will at the

crown of his skull, vibrating between them.
"Don't make promises you can't keep." Will whispered against Hannibal's chest, almost wishing he could believe him. A hope ignited in his chest that he tried to smother lazily, still drunk on the warmth of their embrace.
"I never do." Hannibal said in a low even voice. The sound enveloped Will and he tried to let himself believe it.

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